## WHEN THE ILLUSTRATORS DISGUISED THEMSELVES



Jim Preston and Willard Connely (clown). Mr. and Mrs. Will Foster. Billy Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Johnson. The Illustrators Society, artists who are employed on magazines and newspapers, met at their annual frolic at the Hotel Brevoort on January 22. The accompanying photographs show the variety of costumes worn.

## HE FORGER WHO CAME BACK BY WRITING LE'

Arizona State prison for murder. The first impression Eytinge made upon the outside world was by his letters. These letters have no whine them. They contain no mouthings bitterness: but on the contrary, breathe optimism and-strangest of -contentment; but, of course, contentment with hope.

They may be business letters, in which event they are crisp and pulling. They may be letters of friendship, in which event they will sparkle with brains and humor as well as beat with a pulse that is warm and human. These friendship letters, and even the business ones. have a mysterious power to kindle affection for the man behind the typewriter: so that over the country today grows a little circle of men and women, lecturers, writers, advertising experts, wholesale merchants and busithey have never seen the man are proud to call the life termer friend and speak of him with respect and affec-

manufacturers of America have solicited the assistance of Mr. Eytine in preparing series of form letters to be used by them in selling direct through the mails. Recently Letters, a Chicago trade journal, devoted nearly an issue to a consideration of some series of letters prepared by this convict, and

concluded by saying: "A study of Eytinge's style-of his letter rings with his personality-each for some scrapegrace act and being as nity has got by where he could show greater interest, render greater ser vice, cement and double rivet the tie that binds-true friendship."

But Eytinge's letters have not only power to persuade to business ends. By the power of a letter he whipped a man in an Eastern State whom he had never seen out of drunkenness into sobriety after which more letters got this constructed drunkard into the employ of another correspondence friend in a position that promises to be worth more than ten thousand dollars a year.

Naturally people ask: What kind of a prisoner is it who can write such ch letters? And: What kind of a prison is it where they allow a convict throw his mind over the walls t the far borders of a continent?

Answering the former question first this prisoner, though still young, has a fully and viciously criminal-a career And yet, bad as Louis Eytinge has been, it is permitted at the very outset to relieve the feelings of the reader by saying that there is a serious doubt

ever took the life of a fellow being. He went to drive upon the desert outside of Phoenix with a sick man whom he had befriended and who had trusted him. He came back alone. The companion was found dead, his pockets

the bushes near at hand. Eytinge, with 1,000 miles away with some of the That, in brief, was the circumstantial

case upon which a conviction was seto many it is not. There exists a doubt, invoked against him. C. Baker of Phœnix, who defended Eytinge, became so exercised sidered, is the transit of Louis Victor iron hand came down.

quoted as saying it was improbable that Eytinge was guilty of murder, as his criminal bent did not gallop in that direction.

corpus delicti was not sufficiently proved. Dead, the sick barber was, no doubt of that; but there was no proof that he was not dead of tubercuall three of which he suffered.

And so the doubt-which in some uarters grows to a positive belief in is innocence.

Eytinge is a member of a well known family of artists, actors and musicians some of whom have gained a place in the esteem of their times. He was born in a central State. His father was actor, broker, speculator, gambler by turns. His parents were divorced when he was 3 years old. On its face this looks to have been unfortunate. It may not have been.

The boy had an abundant share of ove from his mother and relatives, and had good looks and a rare power to ingratiate. He had the fatal gift of emperament-perhaps barely escaped

He was able to do wrong so skilfully that one feels convinced he might have done right with equal facility if he had But he did not choose. He repaid affection with ingratitude, for giveness with broken pledges, parental indulgence with a life of dishonor. In school Eytinge floundered out of

one scrape only to fall into another, till at 15 or 16 years of age, adrift usual in want of money, he forged With his personal graces it a check. was ridiculously easy to get money this way. Forging became the habit

For a time his mother and his relaby making good the losses and pleading his youth. nently out of trouble. At 19 years of tion. There was no chance to forge age he was serving time in a Federal a check in prison. But there were ways prison for a forgery committed after of earning money in prison a naval enlistment, but was pardoned for the sake of his youth and the family name.

came mixed up in an attempted jail were sometimes delayed at the railroad break while awaiting trial; at 28 he was station. That afforded an idea, but with a five year term behind him and a record as a turbulent prisoner who had necessity was laid heavily upon him. been spreadeagled, paddled, cuffed to the wall and water cured, all with no journal he cut the names of two Westin which there is little to excite sympa- effect that was good and considerable ern curio dealers and wrote them let that was bad.

Eytinge at that moment was a conspicuous example of a young man who had deliberately and recklessly wasted his entire life capital in vicious living and

For the last time his relatives took pity on him. Within a month he was them busy. With the proceeds the men promse from them of \$100 a month so long as he kept away and out of trouble. dying in six months was alive at the and the scene of death, was arrested Sixty days later, hollow of cheek, wasted of body, hunched of shoulder, a mere yellow husk of a man, his features wear- life of the infant industry. The prison ing a habitual smirk of animal cunning. he stood shiftily upon enfeebled legs cured. It may appear conclusive. But while the law of a life for a life was the matter and loading up their ap-

That, in brief and objectively con-

## PETER CLARK MACFARLANE. OUIS VICTOR EYTINGE—pronounce it et-tinge—is a man nounce it et-tinge—is a saying it was improbable Remarkable Story of How Louis Eytinge, Who at 28 Years William A. Pinkerton, the detective, is not of an appeal out of his own pocket. William A. Pinkerton, the detective, is not of an appeal out of his own pocket. William A. Pinkerton, the detective, is not of them who are included as saying it was improbable. Of A collection of them who are included as saying it was improbable. of Age Is Serving a Life Sentence in the Arizona State Prison for Murder, Has Climbed the Ladder of Honesty

be their own interpreters.

Eytinge was saved by money-that s by the need of money. He was cured by looking upon a cross of gold. Money wants had ruined him. They now began to redeem him.

Yuma prison was one of the worst lo eated in America. It squatted on a low bluff a few feet above the yellow, writhing waves of the wicked Colorado. The summer temperatures were unbelievably orrid. The cells opened on the river. Hordes of mosquitoes came in and stung the occupants.

Eytinge must have mosquito nets or this he got netting and milk and eggs man; he weighed less than 119 pounds; primarily his stomach rejected all food. yet by eating two meals in succession he could generally retain the second; but the food itself must be of the most delicate, and the prison diet did not include

But the instinct for life was strong in Louis Eytinge. must be spent in an adobe prison in one of the most impossible spots in America, nevertheless he wanted to live. He was but 28 years old-too young-too wicked tives "squared" the cases against him to die. But without fit food no life, and without money no fit food, and how But he was never perma- to get the money? That was the ques-There was no chance to forge

Eytinge saw prisoners braiding hat namenting them crudely with silver At 20 he was going to the Mansfield rosettes hammered from Mexican dol-Reformatory again for forgery; at 22 lars, all to be sold through the bars he was arrested for forgeries and be- to chance visitors from trains that oming out of Columbus penitentiary Eytinge was in the chronic ward, with no chance to see visitors or to sell, yet

From the advertising pages of some ters offering to furnish horsehair sou-But it was not alone his character venirs to be sold to tourists. The deal that was wormeaten. The man's body was hopelessly tubercular. In fact, to work making hatbands and belts: he learned to make them himself, twist the hair, to braid it, to hammer the silver, to chase and model itto do all the mechanical work.

Business began to grow and money to be made. There were nineteen me in the chronic ward and Eytinge kept bought themselves comforts. Eytinge got his milk and eggs, and instead of end of a year and gaining in weight.

authorities concluded that some of the letter writing salesmen were overdoing

Eytinge from a day in 1878 to another this all but wiped Eytinge off the seem a long time since he had regarded in 1907. It is a dismal tale, and better untold were it not that Eytinge has stead of going under reorganized his began to have respect for honesty. in 1907. It is a dismal tale, and better map. He staggered for a bit, but insulted were it not that Eytinge has stead of going under reorganized his business. From dealing with forty back to the ladder. I set down the bare retailers a week he undertook to do inauguration of Arizona's first state-

> and none that are worse than wasted, as sometimes words are. More than that, they must be letters of compelling

It may be doubted if in the history of new humanity represented by the Govbusiness any man ever framed selling letters under such compulsion as Louis Victor Eytinge in those days. It was life or death for him. Behind him the little group of nineteen men in the months that remained to him. His rel- chronic ward, weaving their horsehair atives had cast him off entirely. By a belts and hatbands, hammering their roundabout appeal they were induced to trinkets of silver, getting for them a send him \$10, but that was all. With few pesos a month to spend for small comforts or to send home to families who could live a week upon a dollarbefore him the wide, wide, consuming world and his line of communication, two white wings a week. Small wonof the business world.

> Moreover, while learning how to white selling letter that had power in it, Eytinge made the, to him, startling discovery that truth is the fundamental the selling appeal: that a letter with an estly represented.

He had to write the simple truth about his goods in order to sell them, and discovered too that when he undertook to write nothing but the truth he could do it with a force he had never

All his life he had been doing crooked things because it seemed more effective to fabricate a lie than to hew out the truth. Now he made this striking discoverey that truth was power Not only was that a great big lesson it became a great big lesson in charac-Louis the Straight, for the sake of

power. About this time also personal influ ences began to affect No. 2608 favor-Arizona had taken thought to self and moved the prison from torrid Yuma, far up the Gila Valley, to Florence—hot enough, the thermometer tells me on this July day, when it is 106 in the shade as I write-but not unhealthful. Here Eytinge, weighing 190 ponds and looking the picture of health, heard the physician pronounce him cured of tuberculosis.

In the prison at this time was a paroie clerk with a great enthusiasm for his state urging his pardon, work. He had Eytinge taken from the Public recognition of the

business with two wholesalers in each hood Governor, George W. P. Hunt, And thereby he learned the value of prison policy. Gov. Hunt was a very a letter. When a man can write but humane man with advanced ideas on two letters a week those letters be- penology and scrupling not at all to put be gun pointers and range finders, who and gravely, like a man who sensed come exceedingly important. They those ideas instantly into effect. For would hold back his finger from the the full pleasure of possible temptamust hit the mark; they must be aimed his prison warden he chose Robert B. trigger till the barrel of his gun was tions. "It backs down fundamentally true; must contain no wasted words, Sims, who, though having no previous drilled out with the riflings of selfexperience with criminals, was a clean young man of real strength of charhas proved a valuable executor of the

> The most important result of the new management, so far as Eytinge restrictions upon his mail privileges. It is the theory of the present administration and its parole clerk, J. J. Sanders, that the more letters a prisoner can exchange with home and friends and the right kind of people generally the better it is for him. Through unlimited letters Eytinge

was now permitted to thrust an oat into the stream of outside activities and to feel the tug of normla life curhis words, that he studied the psychol- rents. For some time he had been ogy of selling, that he sent out letters subscribing for the business magahat for pulling power are the marvel zines, Printer's Ink, System, Letters and the like, and was studying especially the science of advertising. found the same rules holding good ters. The advertisement of power was element of power in the formulation of the advertisement of honest goods hon-

not the discoverer of this idea, except for himself. What may be termed the evangelistic movement in advertising had been on for some years.

Eytinge had no part in bringing it about. He was still a crook when the theory was being grasped by leaders in the advertising world. But to watch that new tide rise gave a pleasurable sensation, like the sight of reenforcements, and strengthened his own determination to be honest for the sake of power.

Through correspondence he got in touch with some of the leaders in this movement. The convict's letters were big with personality: they were full of amateurish fervor, but packed with wel ripened thought and salted with a wide ranging faculty for friendship. Their recipients were surprised at letters of his: emanating from a prison which struck

blows in behalf of honesty. Most of these men unhesitatingly hailed Eytinge as a fellow spirit, though in prison. They gave him commissions salaried positions the moment he was at liberty, and to hasten that movement they wrote the Governor of the

Public recognition of the value of his chronic ward and assigned to duty with writings also began to come. His arti- edge Eytinge's money has paid for milk him. He called Eytinge friend, put his cles on advertising science and some and eggs for men who were too sick hand upon his shoulder, made him essays on character building were to eat prison fare. Eytinge's money partner of his own enthusiasm for the eagerly seized upon and printed in has paid for sending paroled prisoners paroled prisoners who were trying to technical magazines. His writings upon peals with a quantity of "sob stuff" that make good. This gave Eytinge a new penological subjects as well won high going out of prison money to start life amounted to faking. With a bang the zest for life and took some of the respect. Of his tract on the indetermi- on. cynicism out of him, so that it began to nate sentence a sociologist wrote:

orison at Florence."

Still the soul of Eytinge was barely into the old ways? halter broken. He had discovered rare new powers within him, but they were and with it a complete change in like dynamite: they exploded with his shoulders were bowed in deep equal force in all directions. He stood thought, greatly in need of friends who could control. And this sort of friendships I shall want money as badly as were coming and had been for some time.

McCrary, the old parole clerk, was a great help to him. Sanders, the new parole clerk, a man of seasoned wisdom, and the prisoner's complete opposite in temperament, holds his confidence and has helped him greatly in the battle for self-mastery. But two friends in particular from the outside have worked with him upon the drill ground of his soul, greatly to the advantage both of esprit and discipline.

The first of these was a woman, that frail human dynamo, Kate Barnard of Oklahoma, who has fought so many successful battles for the underdogs of our day. She came to Florence for a few weeks rest as the house guest of Warden Sims, and while there did much to crack the shell of Eytinge, broadening and deepening his sympathies and chiselling still more of the cynicism out of his heart.

came Thomas Dreier, editor of Asso- by the commonest American ciated Advertising and Character, riding into the life of Eytinge behind the obvious misstatement or an apparent exaggeration wounded itself, fluttered the long run. Of course Eytinge was he is, Dreier is a sort of priest of the flap of an envelope. Young man as Melchizedekian order in that esoteric group of writers of advertising phil- forgot him. osophy who try to put soul and a spiritual ideal into the body of the ink and paper salesman

To-day, when Eytinge sits down and asts up his debts to the world, he finds himself owing most to Dreier. "Dreier," he says, "made me look up o the law of service-he taught me to times, and it would bring the best from

Strange words, are they not, to fall from the lips of a life termer? And ready sympathy and frank brot cet they do not sound like cant Eytinge spoke them soberly, reflectively, almost gropingly, as he was trying to explain his debt to Drier. Here ar ome more which I quote from a letter

"I believe that he who loves must limb, not so much for himself, but for the sake of those others on whose bent back he stood."

Eytinge has made considerable money for a prisoner these last few years, perhaps from several hundred to a thousand dollars. And yet he has none. What becomes of it? Here is a quo tation from a letter which explains in part at least: "To my personal knowlhome to die. He has given many men In doing for others Eytinge has found himself."

some of them who are in business go Naturally all this greatly fed the prisoner's ambitions. It confirmed his intention to make his life snap and "Some day you will come out," I said

With folded arms he was leaning t ward upon his desk. For a momen

"No," he said at length, deliberate! to the old question of money wants but I know a better way to get money than by forging a lie; and there is more pleasure and exhibaration of achieve ment in the new way.

"Besides, I have found there is more in life than money. I have tapped new sources of satisfaction in life wi titillate nerves I did not know I had No-" and his strange eyes lighted with the look of a man who sees a vision-"no, after seeing what I have learned to see in life, I do-not-chink -I-ever could."

That is Eytinge's carefully considered judgment upon the state of own being. I believe it is entitled to

consideration. If Eytinge's judgment is correct. s vastly more than individual portant, for it is one more proof America is finding a better way with her criminals. Last year there 103,000 penal commitments in States of ours. Eytinge is a And then, most important of all, and born and schooled; he was travagance. Yet the country itself little enough about him became socially unendurable. Then sequestered him and concerned itself ess. It entombed him, banned him

But a new spirit comes stealing in our prison management and a new at titude into the public mind, and both verlook this sealed up soul. prisons outside of America, and indeed cently, could a life termer have joyed the privileges which are re-

ica would business and profes men have responded to uninvite ters from an unkonwn lifer with ness which have reacted so rema upon the character of the man?

As a matter of fact, the who ting of the drama is typically modernly American. Arizona, wi benignant Governor, thirty year a waiter in a restaurant in of his inauguration, is essent type of our times and country prisoner himself, rolled in the scarred, stung, but unbeaten, ma his prison bars rattle with defianthe fates, and sitting down to w "How far I'll climb is not for say-but-if aim and intent coun anything-and confidence, too I'll not limit myself," breathe

dauntless American spirit. Nor is he just one man alone. R. he is one of a class, and with this class America begins to find a better was (Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service)